

JULY

No. 13

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
★
7

NATIONAL

COMICS 10¢

STARRING
UNCLE SAM
Defender of Democracy



QUICKSILVER

SALLY O'NEIL

KID PATROL

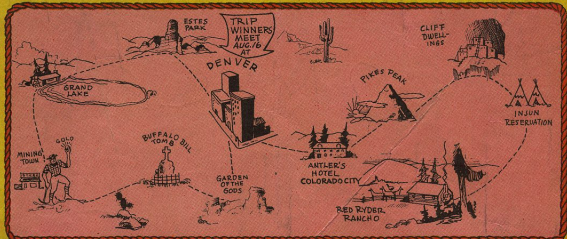


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST



**OFFERS 2 FREE TRIPS TO
FAMOUS CARTOONIST'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO
-ALSO 5 RECORDIOS-101 DAISY TARGETEER PISTOLS-100 GUN BRACKETS**



**-SEE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR FURTHER DAISY CONTEST DETAILS -
GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS**

Wings on wheels

FOR AIR-MINDED BOYS



THE NEW COLUMBIA BICYCLES FOR '41!

The new Columbias are *NEWS!* Speed... style... "maneuverability"... safety... Yes, Sir! They top-rate the field by "test-pilot" performance standards that acknowledge only the best. Quick, smooth take-off, superb balance and easy pedalling give wings to your flight. And for looks... Say! Just take a look at the new Columbias... new duo-tone colors and smart new trim... new Streamliner light, new brilliant safety reflector... new chain guard and new carrier of special design... all exclusive features on the NEW Columbias for '41! Take Dad along, and Mother, too. They'll appreciate your smart sense of value and safety in choosing a

Columbia. See them at your dealer or write us for colorful illustrated folder. THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS., Dept. FC.

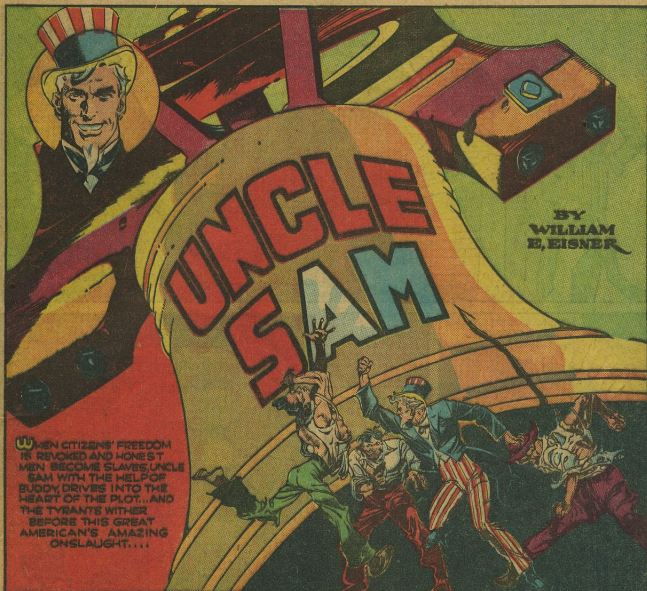
Look for this name-plate on a Genuine Columbia... the best known name in bicycles.



Columbia

**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1941**

NATIONAL COMICS, July, 1941, No. 13. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Garvey Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the net of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



A SUNNY AFTERNOON FINDS UNCLE SAM AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, BUDDY, ENJOYING THEIR FAVORITE SPORT... FISHING...

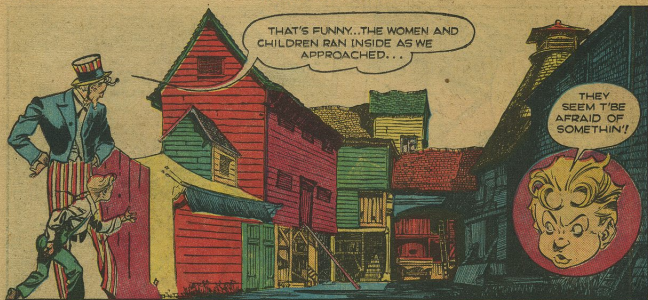
THIS BEATS THE WAR BUSINESS OF BOMBING AND KILLING, EH, BUDDY?

AN' HOW!

MANY FOLKS AROUND HERE HAD ANCESTORS WHO FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR!

AS THEY ENTER A RUN-DOWN STREET

HEY, UNCLE SAM... I WONDER WHY THERE'S NO MEN IN THIS TOWN?



H'MM...BUDDY, I THINK WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS!

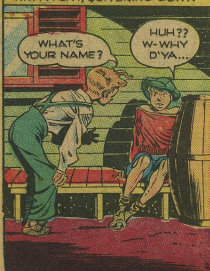
UNCLE SAM PUTS HIS HEAD INSIDE THE VILLAGE GROCERY DOOR AND ADDRESSES THE PROPRIETOR...

FRIEND, WHERE ARE ALL THE MENFOLK TODAY?



UH... I DUNNO...W-WHO ARE YOU T'ASK THAT...HUH?

WHILE BUDDY TRIES TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH A SHY, QUIVERING BOY...



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HUH?? W-WHY D'YA...



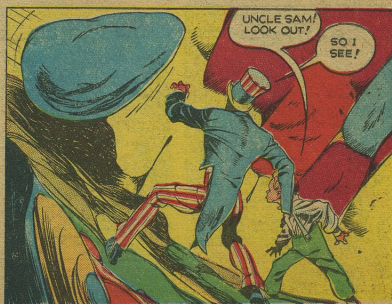
LOOK... WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE...WHERE'RE THE MEN..?

AS THE BOY BLURTS OUT AN ANSWER, A HAND JERKS HIM TO HIS FEET...

THE MEN ARE ALL KIDNAPPED.. AND FORCED TO WORK IN MOUNT BORGIE MINE..HELP!



SHUT UP!

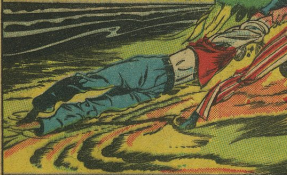




BUT BEFORE THE SLIMY MONSTER CAN GLIDE TO BUDDY, UNCLE SAM FORCES A HEAVY STICK UPRIGHT INTO THE UGLY JAWS, KEEPING THEM OPEN.



THE GREAT AMERICAN PULLS FROM THE DEATH-MIRE THE MAN WHO TWICE MADE ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE...



WHILE HE CHEWS ON THAT TOOTH-PICK I CAN GET BUDDY OUT OF HERE!



THERE, MY BUCKO.. YOU'RE HIGH AND DRY!



T-THANKS, UNCLE SAM!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!! I-I'M, GOING DOWN! OHHHH!

I'D DO AS MUCH FOR A DOG I GUESS!



Y-YOU SAVED MY LIFE, SO...



PLEASE... I WARN YOU... DON'T GO TO THE MINE!



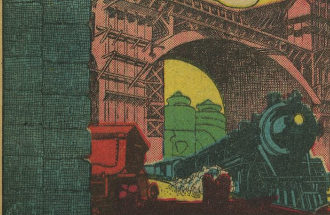
..TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! NO!! THIS JOB MUST BE DONE! LET'S GO!



WELL... HERE WE ARE! THE MINE ENTRANCE IS DOWN THERE!

WOW! THIS PLACE LOOKS TO BE AS STRONG AS A FORT.. THIS WON'T BE EASY!

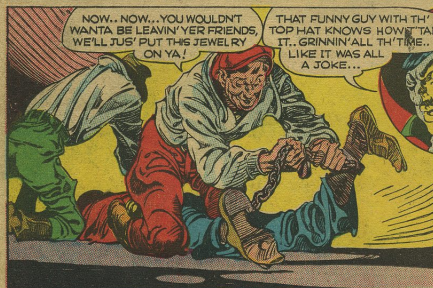
GEE!



SUDDENLY THE STOREKEEPER-GUIDE WHEELS, AND...

I ASKED YOU NOT TO COME!! NOW.. YOU MARCH IN THERE AS MY PRISONER!







TONY... I'M TAKIN' THIS KID BACK T' THE SURFACE... ANY FUSS HERE AN' I'LL FLOOD THE MINE!

THE CHAINED STOREKEEPER NOW ACTS AS UNCLE SAM'S GUARD

C'MON!! YA GOT TA LOAD FOUR CARS!!



HA!! THAT SHOULD TAKE ABOUT FOUR MINUTES!!



THE AMAZING SAM STARTS A STEADY FLOW OF ROCK INTO THE CARS...



NOW, MR. GUARD... THE CARS ARE LOADED, SO I'LL START ON YOU!

S-STAY AWAY FROM ME... I-I'LL SHOOT!



SHOOT WHAT, SNAKE?!? GO AHEAD... THEN I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU WITH MY FISTS!

NAWWW!



THE GUN TOUCHES UNCLE SAM AND CRACKS OUT... WITH NO EFFECT...

YOU SATISFIED?



THE MEN NOW BAND TOGETHER AND RESOLVE TO GAIN THEIR FREEDOM!!

OKAY NOW, BOYS... FOLLOW ME, AND BE READY!

WE WILL, UNCLE SAM! THEY WON'T STOP US!



BACK UP, MEN! THEY'VE TURNED ON THE POISON GAS!





I'LL TAKE THIS AXE!
KILLING LITTLE
BOYS IS ALSO
IN YOUR FILTHY
LINE, EH ??



FROM NOW ON YOU HOODLUMS
ARE ALL GOING TO BE STRICTLY
ON THE RECEIVING END
OF THINGS!!



I'M NOT A BAD SOCKER FOR
A YOUNG FELLA OF
165 YEARS,
EH?



JUST THEN A FREED MINER SHOUTS
OF A NEW DANGER....

LOOK OUT,
MEN... THAT
GUARD'S GOT
A BOMB!!

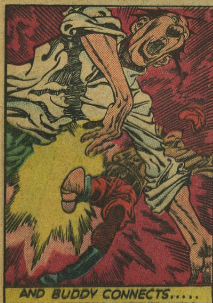


YAH!! AN'
WHEN I
THROW IT
YA'LL
ALL BE
BLOWED
T' HIGH
HEAVEN!



BUT BUDDY QUICKLY DRAWS HIS
SLING-SHOT AND AIMS FOR THE
BOMB...

THAT GUY'LL HAVE
A RED-HOT HAND IF I
CAN HIT THAT
PINEAPPLE HE'S
HOLDIN' !!



AND BUDDY CONNECTS.....



LATER... THE MEN CELEBRATE....

WE'RE FREE MEN BECAUSE NOPE!
OF THAT OLD MAN AND HE'S
LITTLE BOY! UNCLE TH' ONE
SAM!!... THERE'S AN' ONLY!
NOBODY ELSE LIKE HIM!! AND ALWAYS
AROUND
WHEN HE'S
NEEDED!



GO HOME TO YOUR FAMILIES,
MEN... BE HAPPY... AND LET'S
REMEMBER THAT WE
AMERICANS WILL
ALWAYS WIN IF
WE'LL STAND
TOGETHER!

UNCLE SAM WILL AGAIN LEAD YOU
THROUGH AN EXCITING STORY...
IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS



SALLY HAS DROPPED PLAIN CLOTHES FOR A CHANGE... SHE AND BROTHER MIKE ARE OFF FOR REGULAR PATROL DUTY. . . .



THEY ARE JUST OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE, WHEN..



IT'S THE LITTLE HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK! LET'S GO!



THE BURNING HOUSE IS
RINGED WITH A GAPING MOB.



THE MAN FLEES
AROUND CORNERS, THROUGH
ALLEYS... AS HE STEPS UNDER
A WINDOW SILL.



SALLY'S BULLET KNOCKS
OFF A FLOWERPOT.



WELL? WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT TO SAY?



I GOT PAID TO START
THAT FIRE... DON'T
EVEN KNOW THE GUY!
I NEEDED THE MONEY.



YOU BOOK HIM AT
THE DESK, MIKE.
I'M GOING BACK
TO THAT HOUSE!



THICK SMOKE STILL POURS
FROM THE CHARRED BUILD-
ING...



INSIDE, SALLY DISLODGES A FEW LOOSE BRICKS FROM THE FIREPLACE, AND,



SHE HASTENS TO HER BROTHERS AT THE STATION HOUSE.



IT'S PLAIN AS DAY! WHOEVER BURNT DOWN THAT HOUSE MEANS TO COME BACK AND GET THE BOX... WE'LL CATCH HIM IN THE ACT!



THAT NIGHT, A DARK FIGURE IS ROAMING THROUGH THE RAZED HOUSE... UNAWARE OF THREE PEOPLE ACROSS THE STREET WHO AWAIT HIS EVERY MOVE.



A HAND GROPEs TOWARD THE FIREPLACE... SUDDENLY AN ELECTRIC EYE PIERCES THE MURK.



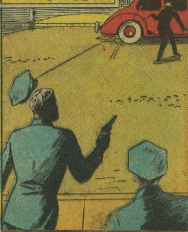
AND A BUZZER WIRED TO A BEAM, SIGNALS TO THE WATCHERS.



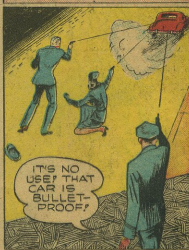
THEY DASH OUT, THEIR GUNS BLAZING AT THE FLEEING MAN.

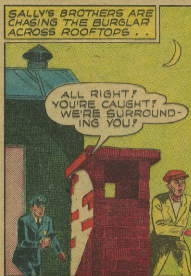


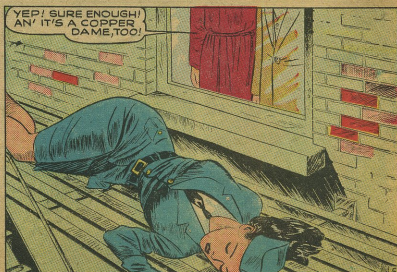
UPON REACHING HIS CAR, THE THUG AND HIS COHORTS TAKE PARTING SHOTS AT THE PURSUERS.



IN A CLOUD OF GUN SMOKE, THE BIG SEDAN ROARS AWAY.









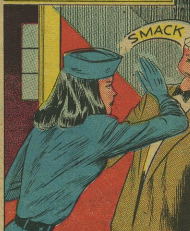
THEY DUMP HER IN A DARK
CORNER UN CEREMONIOUSLY.
FINALLY SHE COMES TO...



SHE REACHES FOR A CHAIR
LEG.



SALLY TURNS SWIFTLY,
HAULS OFF, AND...



SUDDENLY THE DOOR
BURSTS OPEN...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.



WELL! AN' IF IT AIN'T
THE WHOLE O'NEIL
FAMILY, UP FOR
SPECIAL
MENTION!!!



Kid PATROL

By
**Dan
Wilson**

LITTLE SUZY, THE ONLY GIRL MEMBER OF THE KID PATROL, THOUGHTFULLY WRITES A LETTER TO A CONTEST WHICH IS OFFERING AS ITS FIRST PRIZE, AN AIRPLANE TRIP.

DEAR SIR:
I LIKE SWEETIES
BECAUSE...



AND NOW, SEVERAL WEEKS LATER SUZY RECEIVES A THRILLING LETTER.



OH LOOK,
BOYS! I'VE
WON! I'VE
WON!

GOSH
SUZY!
WHAT'RE
YOU YELLIN'
ABOUT?

I'VE WON A
PRIZE TO TAKE
A FREE TRIP IN
A BIG AIRPLANE!

GOSH,
SUZY,
THAT'S
SWELL..
GEE,
I'D SURE
LIKE TO FLY
IN A PLANE!

ME
TOO!

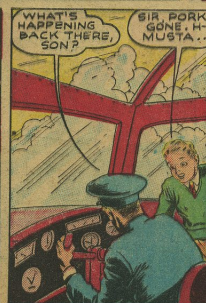
ME
THREE!

OH, BUT YOU CAN! IT
SAYS HERE THAT I
CAN TAKE THREE
COMPANIONS ALONG
WITH ME.. SO.

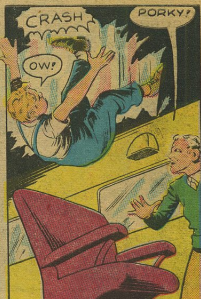
GOSH
!!!



AND SO, THE DAY OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE ARRIVES. . . .



THE PLANE SUDDENLY HITS AN AIR POCKET.





AND FROM A NEARBY BUSH,
PIERCING EYES OBSERVE
THEIR EVERY MOVE.





PROP POWERS

By
LYNN
BYRD



PROP

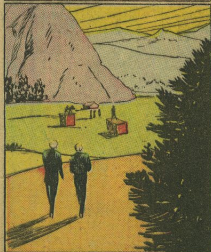
AT THE NEW U.S. BASE IN GREENLAND, THE COMMANDER GREETED THEM.

I'M GLAD YOU FELLOWS ARRIVED SAFELY! HANG AROUND AND BE READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY!

O.K., I HEAR THERE'S A MOVIE OUT-FIT ON LOCATION HERE. WE'LL LOOK 'EM OVER JUST FOR FUN!

AT THE BASE OF A JAGGED PEAK, CAMERAMEN ARE TAKING SHOTS, UNAWARE OF THEIR NEW OBSERVERS.

PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL, LANK, ARE BUDDIES IN THE U.S. COAST GUARD. THEY HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO GREENLAND, WHERE THEY ARE HEADED NOW.





A GANG OF MOVIE EXTRAS
THROWING TO THE DIRECTOR'S
AID.

YOU CAN'T
DO THAT TO
OUR BOSS!



OH, NO? WHO'S
GONNA STOP
ME?

YAY!
SWING
IT, PROP!



IN THE GENERAL MELEE, VERA
AND THE DIRECTOR FLEE...

COME!
WE CAN'T
LET THEM
GUESS OUR
PLANS!

GUESS??
THEY KNOW..
THANKS TO
YOU! OF
ALL THE
LOOSE-
BRAINED
FEMALES..



LANK AND PROP WADED INTO THE MOB WITH TELLING BLOWS.

GLORY! AH'VE SHO'
BEEN ITCHIN' FER
A SCRAP!



SOON THE CONQUEST IS
COMPLETE.

READY, LANK? WE
HAVE TO REPORT THIS
TO THE COMMANDER.

YEAH..
SOON'S AH
DUST OFF
THIS
FELLA!

OOF!



THEY WALK BRISKLY THROUGH
THE BLACK GREENLAND NIGHT
TO THEIR BASE.

THE FATHERLAND IS
SPONSORING A WHOLE
SPY RING AROUND
HERE!



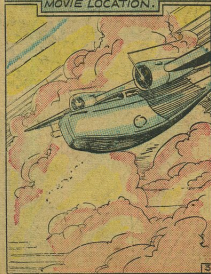
THE COMMANDER JUMPS TO
IMMEDIATE ACTION UPON
HEARING PROP'S STORY.

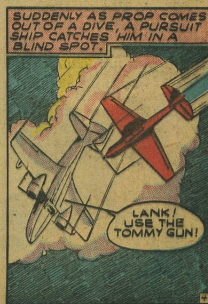
FINE WORK, POWERS..
I'M DELEGATING YOU TO
SMASH THIS SPY
NEST.

THANKS,
SIR!

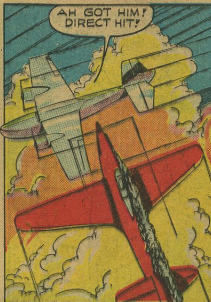


A SHORT TIME LATER, PROP'S
PLANE SWOOPS OVER THE
MOVIE LOCATION.





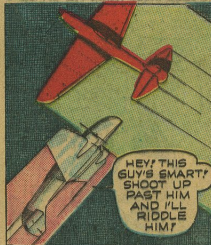
LANK RAKES THE ENEMY WITH THE GUN.



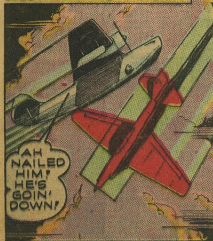
RIDDLED BY LANK'S BULLETS AND WRAPPED IN FLAME, THE PURSUIT SHIP CRASHES.



THE SECOND PLANE MANEUVERS BACK AND FORTH LIKE A FIGHTING COCK.



USING THE SAME PARRYING TACTICS, PROP KEEPS A MARGIN OF SAFETY WHILE LANK WORKS WITH THE GUN. . . AT LAST. . .



THAT SEEMS TO BE ALL THE RESISTANCE WE'LL GET, LANK!



LATER! THIS BASE IS SAFE, AND THANKS TO YOU, THE ENEMY WILL WAIT A LONG TIME BEFORE TRYING THE SPY TRICK AGAIN!



PROP POWERS PURSUES NEW AERIAL ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.

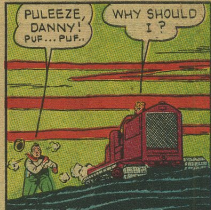
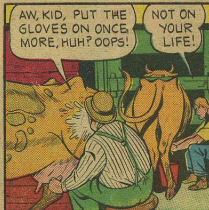
WINDY BREEZE

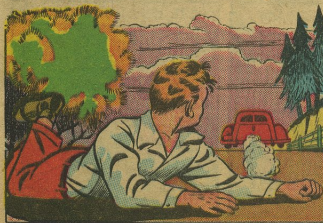
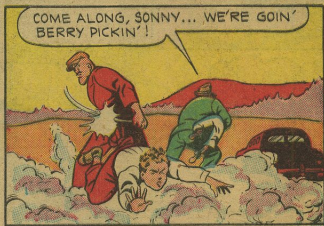
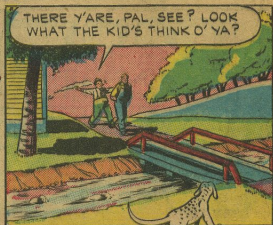


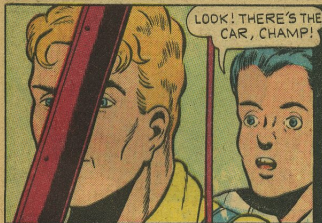
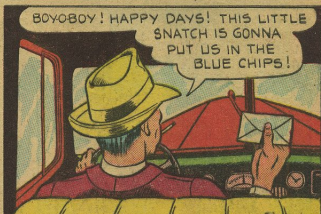
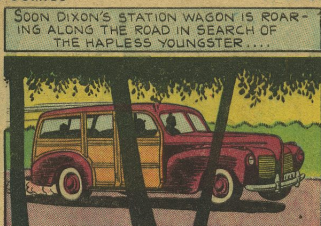
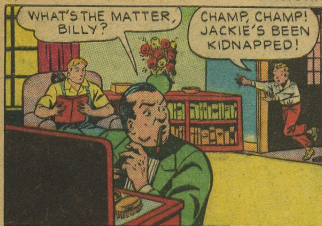
KID DIXON

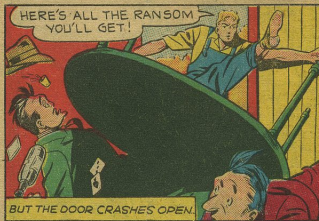
By BOB REYNOLDS

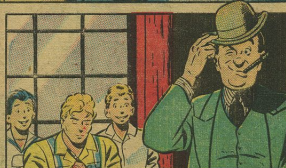
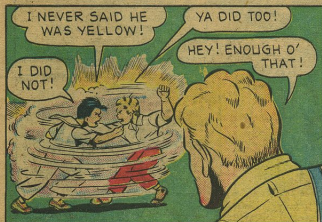
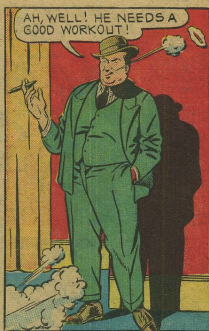
DOWN ON HIS FARM, WE FIND DANNY DIXON ... AND HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS ...



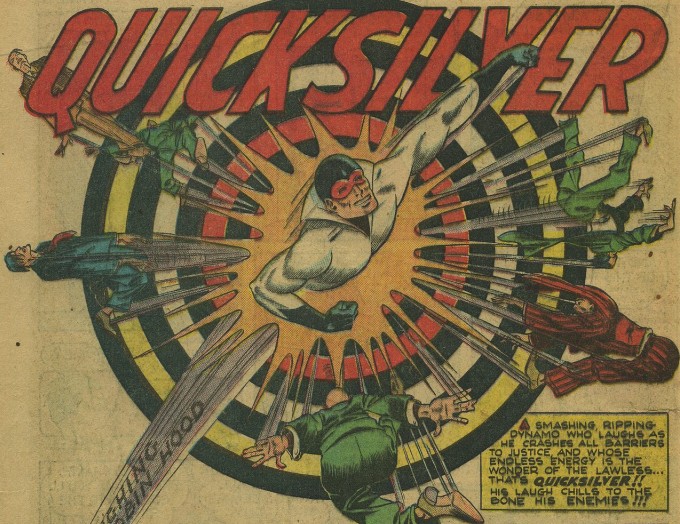








WATCH KID DIXON DON HIS DYNAMITE-LADEN GLOVES ONCE AGAIN... IN THE NEXT ISSUE





COMES THE DAY OF THE RACE!





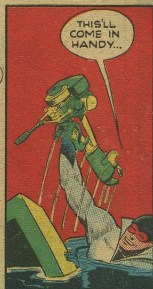


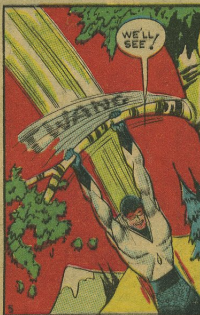
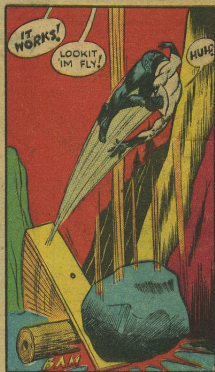
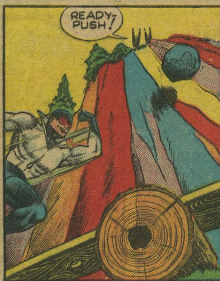
INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW



MEANWHILE WIZARD AND HIS MEN HAVE UNTIED THEMSELVES!

WHY IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT GUY I'D-! YEAH, LET'S BLOW GIT TO TH CAR!

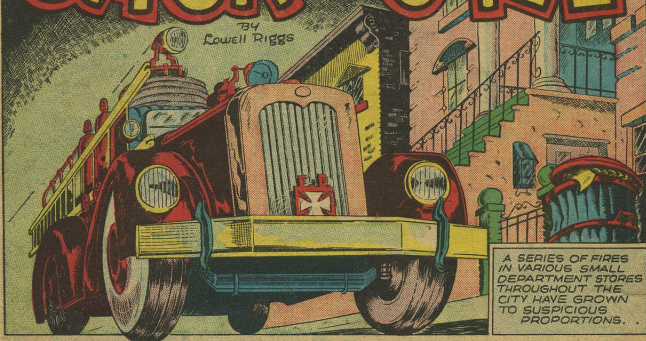






JACK AND JILL

By
Lowell Riggs



A SERIES OF FIRES IN VARIOUS SMALL DEPARTMENT STORES THROUGHOUT THE CITY HAVE GROWN TO SUSPICIOUS PROPORTIONS.

G.K. GORDON, PRESIDENT OF THE ACE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, FRANTICALLY CALLS DETECTIVE JACK DOE.



I'M SURE THESE FIRES WEREN'T ACCIDENTAL. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT!

WHEN JACK ARRIVES.



ALL THE STORES VERGE ON BANKRUPTCY.. IT LOOKS LIKE ARSON TO COLLECT INSURANCE!

MM..YES IT DOES.



I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, MR. GORDON..WHOEVER IS PULLING THESE JOBS IS AN EXPERT..IT MAY NOT BE EASY TO TRACK HIM DOWN!

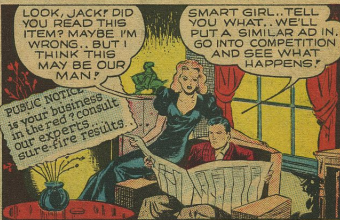


WITHIN THE NEXT WEEK TWO MORE STORES BURN.

LOOK, JACK? DID YOU READ THIS ITEM? MAYBE I'M WRONG.. BUT I THINK THIS MAY BE OUR MAN!

PUBLIC NOTICE
is your business in the red? consult our experts... sure-fire results...

SMART GIRL..TELL YOU WHAT..WE'LL PUT A SIMILAR AD IN. GO INTO COMPETITION AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS?



JACK AND JILL GO INTO BUSINESS, HOPING TO BAIT A CUSTOMER WITH ARSON ON HIS MIND.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

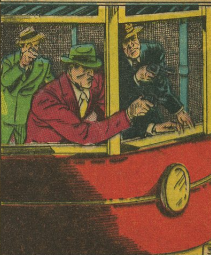
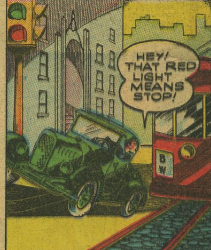
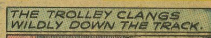
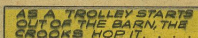
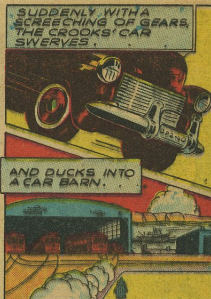
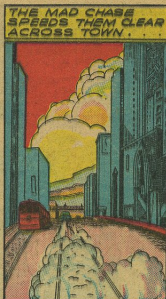


THEY WAIT OUTSIDE CREEP'S STORE.



JILL IS TALKING TO THE STORE DETECTIVE.





JACK AND JILL SPEED AHEAD AND CUT ACROSS THE TRACKS.



WE'LL BEAT THEM TO THE CURVE ON DAWSON STREET!

PARKING ON DAWSON STREET, THEY JUMP OUT.



EXCUSE US, WE'LL JUST BORROW THESE FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

COME ON, SHOVE... WE'VE GOT TO DISLODGE THIS RAIL QUICKLY!



I'M PULLING!

AS THE TROLLEY ROUNDS THE BEND, IT JUMPS THE TORN-UP RAIL.



AND A BLAZING GUN FIGHT RINGS THROUGH THE STREET.



GOT ONE!

JILL HIDES BEHIND A SHED, BUT ADDS HER WEIGHT TO THE BATTLE.



NICE WORK, JILL!

CLUNK

THE ARSON GANG IS HAULED INTO COURT.



GOT ANY ACCOMMODATIONS FOR A COUPLE OF FIREBUGS, JUDGE?

LATER... OH, JACK! WITH ALL THAT REWARD WE'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN!



SH-H, HONEY! DON'T USE THAT WORD!

JACK AND JILL RETURN IN A SUPER-THRILLER IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS.

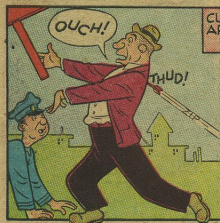
Cyclone Cupid

by GILL FOX

He Ain't Stupid

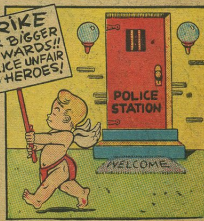
I'M SICK OF BEING
JUS' PLAIN
CUPID!

I WANT TO BE A CRIME FIGHTER
LIKE TH' GUYS IN TH' COMICS! I
DON'T LIKE STRIKES AN'
PICKETING, SO I'LL START ON
TH' UNION RACKETEERS!



CUPID'S LOVE ARROW TAKES EFFECT...

SIGH, I SIMPLY ADORE GREAT, BIG POLICE-MANS!



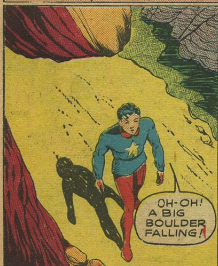
WONDER BOY

By Jerry
Mussell



THE LURE OF ANCIENT
CIVILIZATION DRAWS
WONDER BOY INTO THE
DANGER-INFESTED SOUTH
AMERICAN JUNGLE...

WONDER BOY WANDERS THROUGH
THE CANYONS OF OUR GREAT
SOUTHWEST, WHEN SUDDENLY...



OH-OH!
A BIG
BOULDER
FALLING!

UNABLE TO DUCK THE ROCK,
HE CATCHES IT AND FLINGS
IT ASIDE AS HE WOULD
A BASKETBALL.

BOY THAT COULD
HAVE SQUASHED
ME IF I HADN'T
SEEN IT IN TIME!



WHAT
COULD
HAVE
DIS-
LODGED
A ROCK
THAT
SIZE?



HELLO! I'M SORRY
LAD. THAT BOULDER
SLIPPED! BUT DID
I SEE YOU CATCH
AND THROW IT?
I'D LIKE TO TALK
TO YOU!



I'LL BE
RIGHT UP!

IN EASY EFFORT, WONDER BOY SCALES THE DANGEROUS CLIFF.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME DOWN... IT'S EASIER FOR ME TO CLIMB!



I'M AMAZED... WHERE DO YOU GET ALL YOUR STRENGTH? I CAN USE YOU ON MY SOUTH AMERICA EXPEDITION. WE'RE HUNTING FOR LOST CITIES. WOULD YOU COME? I'M PAUL DARROW.



BUT ONE OF DARROW'S YOUNG ASSISTANTS INTERRUPTS...

B-BUT... HE'D MAKE ONE TOO MANY!



NO, HE WON'T, RICHARDS... HE'S TAKING YOUR PLACE! I'VE NOT BEEN SATISFIED WITH YOUR WORK.



RICHARDS GOES OFF MUTTERING, TO BE SEEN THAT NIGHT TALKING TO NOTORIOUSLY EVIL THUGS...

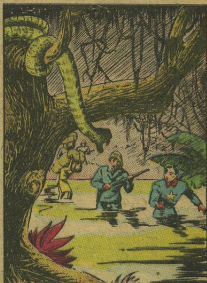
...IT'S A FINE PLAN, VELEZ!

IF IT WORKS, AMIGO!



TWO WEEKS LATER DARROW'S PARTY IS IN THE WILD PERUVIAN JUNGLE...

WE MUST WADE THROUGH DIABLO SWAMP, WONDER BOY!



THEY ESCAPE DEADLY BOAS BY INCHES... BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE OPPOSITE SHORE...

CROCODILES!



DARROW SWINGS INTO THE GREAT REPTILES WITH HIS GUN... SUDDENLY A GIANT MONSTER CRAWLS UP BEHIND HIM...

BEAT THEIR SKULLS IN!



OH! DARROW...



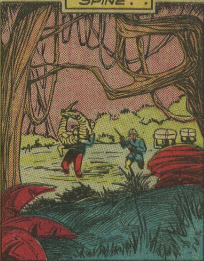
BEFORE THE CREATURE CAN SINK ITS FANGS INTO DARROW, WONDER BOY IS UPON HIM...



STUNNED, THE CROCODILE ABANDONS DARROW TO FIGHT WONDER BOY. BUT THE LAD SURPRISES HIM WITH A NEW STRATEGY...



TWISTING THE UGLY BODY IN A HALF CIRCLE, WONDER BOY SNAPS THE THICK SPINE...



HE LEAVES THE MANEATER PARALYZED AND DYING...



AT LAST THEY ARRIVE SAFELY AT THEIR CAMP.



DARROW TAKES WONDER BOY UP TO DO SOME RECONNOITERING.



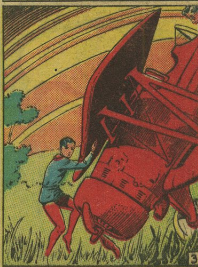
SUDDENLY A SWIFT ARROW FLIES UP TOWARD THEM.



IMMEDIATELY WONDER BOY CLIMBS OUT OF THE FRONT COCKPIT, ONTO THE WING.



WONDER BOY HITS GROUND FIRST AND SAVES THE PLANE FROM A CRASH...



SUDDENLY A BAND OF HOWLING NATIVES RUSH TOWARD THE PLANE.



WONDER BOY GUESSES THEIR EVIL INTENT.



YOU'VE NO REASON TO ATTACK US.. WE'RE NOT BOTHERING YOU?



WONDER BOY GIVES THE NATIVES A TERRIFIC TROUNCING, AFTER WHICH THEY KNEEL IN AWE AT HIS FEET.

WILL YOU HELP US FIND THE LOST CITIES?



YES..THEN YOU HELP US FIGHT OUR ENEMY THE ORACCOS?



WE DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, GREAT BOY?



DARROW AGREES...THE TWO PARTIES JOIN FORCES, A NATIVE LEADING THE WAY ALONG OBSCURE JUNGLE TRAILS.



MEANWHILE, RICHARDS IS BREWING TROUBLE WITH THE VICIOUS ORACCO CHIEF.



YOU KILL DARROW..I'LL TAKE CARE OF WONDER BOY?

A RUNNER DASHES IN.



CHIEF, SAFARI MOVES DOWN TRAIL?

GOOD, WE FOLLOW?

LOOKING DOWN UPON THE JUNGLE WE SEE TWO WINDING GROUPS....DARROW'S BAND, AND RICHARDS, CLOSE BEHIND.



THE TRAIL ENDS, AND...

WONDER BOY!
LOOK...THE LOST
CITY...WE'VE
FOUND IT!

GOLLY..
HOW OLD
IT IS!



WONDER BOY STAYS OUTSIDE
WHILE DARROW AND HIS MEN
EXPLORE THE RUINS.



HE HEARS A NOISE...

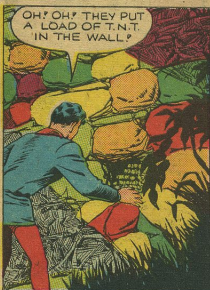
HEY! THERE ARE WHITE
MEN BELOW. WHAT'RE
THEY DOING
THERE?



I'LL SOON
FIND OUT!



OH? OH? THEY PUT
A LOAD OF T.N.T.
IN THE WALL!



WELL, I'LL JUST
SHOVE THIS WALL
A BIT, AND...



WONDER BOY PUSHES THE T.N.T.
LADEN WALL OVER THE CLIFF...



IT'S RICHARDS!
HE WANTED
REVENGE...
THIS'LL HOLD
HIM!

LATER...

YOUR TWO TRIBES
MUST STAY AT PEACE,
CHIEFS...AND DON'T
EVER BE FOOLED
BY SCHEMERS
AGAIN!

WE
FRIENDS?

YES!



WONDER BOY, YOU
BROADCAST OUR
DISCOVERY TO THE
WORLD...IT WAS
ALL YOUR DOING
ANYWAY!



WONDER BOY ACCOMPLISHES
AMAZING FEATS AGAIN...IN
NATIONAL COMICS.

STARS and STRIPES

By ANTHONY LAMB

Over in the corner of the prison yard a private war was being waged. As far as Joe Ferrelli was concerned, the honor of his country was at stake and he was saying so in no uncertain terms. The battle hadn't risen from the word stage yet, but from the look in Joe's infuriated eye—it was on its way to becoming an epoch in fisticuff history.

"Whatta you mean, you no love your country. De United States of America—she's de besta, most beautiful land in de whole wide worl'. You no believe me, Johnny Carver—you crook!"

Johnny snorted with contempt—"Who's callin' who a crook? You ain't in here jest for the experience yourself, Ferrelli."

But the excited Italian simply overlooked that statement and went on: "You tell me, in what other country have they such a fina jails as thisa one? Sucha fina food. Sucha good man for warden? You tell me that, Hah! You're an ungrateful peeg. A dirty, yellow—"

Joe didn't go on any further, Johnny's fist had come up from the ground, where he had been sitting, and smashed across Ferrelli's babbling jaw. "You can call me anything but yella, you punk!"

The other cons already had firm grips on both the men and were slowly drawing them apart.

"Cut it, you dumb dopes—you want to bring the guard over here?"

The shadow of an armed guard on the prison wall served to cool down

Ferrelli, and Johnny sullenly slumped back to a sitting position. Old Man Moe, an inmate of long standing, edged over to Carver.

"Listen, kid, take a word of advice from an old timer who's seen a lot



of life, of war and crime. Just because you weren't smart enough to stay on the right side of the law, don't go shooting off your mouth about this country and this government. It gave you a chance—you just didn't know how to take it."

Johnny's eyes smoldered as his head sank into the hunch of his shoulders. He grunted. "Chance? What kind of a chance? A Chinaman's. Yeah, that's where I grew up, back of Chinatown. I didn't see any think that looked like sunshine or hope—or a chance. I had to fight my way up. And jest because I talked like a bum, because my pop was too tired and too disgusted to teach me better, jest because I dressed like a bum and kept company with bums because there was no better—I couldn't get a decent job. What did my country do for me then? What's it doin' for all the

others. Look at Black Bill over there. What about his people? What did Lincoln free them for—so they could be free to die like rats—no one'll give them half a chance? I say we ought to give the whole country back to the Indians—admit we cheated 'em in the first place. A fine bunch of skunks we white men turned out to be."

"I'm glad you said 'we,' Johnny. You can take the blame on yourself, too. Sure, there's still plenty wrong with this country. You and I are good examples of it. But we still have got the right to stand up and say it. It's up to all of us to change things if they're wrong. Listen, kid, I've had a lot of time to do a lot of thinking. I know what I'm talking about. Some day, maybe, you'll know, too."

"Brother, I'm gettin' out of this joint in ten days. And I'm not going to stop to think. I'll tell you what, though—I'm going to look for that chance you're yapping about. I'm giving this country one more try to let me go straight. If that don't work—well, I'll be seein' ya, if you haven't croaked by the time they send me back here."

Johnny was lobster red from the steam of the laundry room as he poled the grey uniforms out of the washing machines. The man at the next machine was Rick Carlson, a quiet man whose unfriendly ways had always antagonized Johnny. But Rick seemed in a cheerful mood today.

"Gettin' out same time I am, aren't you, Johnny?"

"Uhuh—what's it to you?"

"Thought I might be able to do

something for you. I've got some friends that are working on a big job—maybe I can work you in. You're the kind of a guy we need."

"I'm going straight. I don't want to listen to you," snorted Johnny.

Rick's voice was smooth. "This isn't the kind of job you think, Johnny. I've heard you talk about this government and how you'd like to get back at 'em. I'm going to give you a chance—a chance to show 'em."

Johnny's eyes shone bright blue through the steam. He was interested.

A week later, Johnny was seated in a dingy office looking across a cluttered desk. A worried frown creased his brow as he spoke to the man opposite.

"You've got me out of plenty of jams, Goldman. And just because I had to take the rap on that last little job, I don't hold it against you. You're a good mouthpiece. Now I want some advice on a job I'm supposed to pull."

"Johnny," Lou Goldman, the shrewd, dark haired little lawyer interrupted, "I thought you were through with pulling jobs. I told you I'd help you go on the level."

"Yeah, but this means an awful lot of dough. The only thing is—I never killed anybody—and this may mean someone's going to get killed. You see, a couple of whacky guys I know—belong to some foreign organization that doesn't want America to be making so many guns and stuff. They want me to help them wreck a munitions—"

"I don't want to hear any more, Johnny. When you were just a crook—and not such a bad one—I was willing to listen—but when you turn traitor—"

Johnny sneered—but the sneer seemed to fade away from his face as he talked. "Aw—don't give me that—B-but I—somehow didn't think it was right anyway. If I got caught—"

Lou Goldman leaned across his desk and grabbed Johnny's hand. "It isn't a case of being caught. Do you know who these people are and what kind

of a country they're working for? I do. Wait a minute, Johnny. I want to introduce you to a man who just came to America from their country. Hey, Morris, come in here."

Johnny looked up as a tall, stooped man slowly entered. He was pitifully thin. A livid red scar bore evidence of a whip lash across his face. The life seemed to be flickering in his his faded eyes.

"See, Johnny. They put Morris in a concentration camp just because he was of a minority race—and because his hair wasn't blonde—he wasn't an Aryan! You don't want to work for a country like that. Why, in America we don't treat our worst criminals like that. The reason you've always been dissatisfied is because you have ideals. But you haven't the guts to fight for them."

That was all Johnny needed. Without a word he jumped up and stalked out of the office. In five minutes he stalked into Rick Carlson's apartment where he was sitting in a smoky room surrounded by the rest of his gang.

"Hey, Rick, come here, I want to talk to you—" Johnny grabbed the other's collar and twirled him about so that he could glare right into Rick's startled eyes—"You dirty, yellow traitor!"

Like sure, swift flashes of lightning, Johnny's fists went to work on the mob. He didn't know how many there

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were. He didn't care. All his tremendous energy was packed in the fury of his punches and he let them fly.

When he left the place, inert bodies were strewn in sloppy heaps about the room. A tornado might have just passed through the room.

Johnny strode down the street in the sunshine. A new purpose added inches to his stride. He paused as he came to the big building that took up a whole block. He saluted the soldier at the gate of the armory. "Listen, Bud, I can't enlist because of my prison record, but will you tell me how I can give my services in civilian duty?"

"You bet, kid. Come right in."



CARTOONIST DETECTIVE

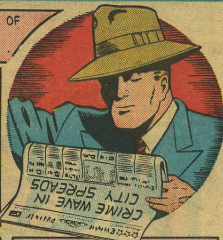
PEN Miller

By
Klaus

UNDERNEATH
THE PAVEMENTS
OF A GREAT CITY,
HUMANITY TEEMS AND
EDDIES IN THE LABYRINTHINE
SPRAWL OF THE SUBWAY
SYSTEM

SWALLOWED AMONG A THROG OF
STRAPHANGERS, THE FAMED
PEN MILLER PERUSES A DAILY . .

SLOWLY A SMALL, DEFT
HAND LIFTS A WALLET . .

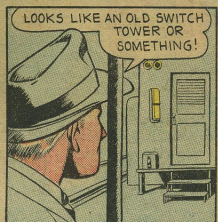


THE WIRY LITTLE PICK-
POCKET SQUIRMS HASTILY
TOWARD THE DOOR . .

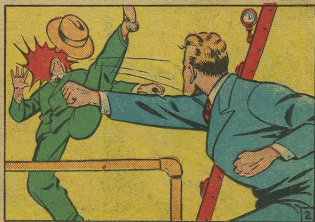




CAREFULLY AVOIDING THE THIRD RAIL, THE CARTOONIST COMBS THE TUNNELS FOR A KEY TO THE MYSTERY.



PEN JERKS THE DOOR OPEN SUDDENLY.



THE LAWBREAKERS SCATTER
UNDER THE FURY OF THE
DETECTIVE'S BLOWS...



BOY, THEY'VE BEEN BUSY..
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE
CORNERED THE MARKET
ON
WALLETS!



WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE
TO BE A DOOR-TO-DOOR
DELIVERY BOY TODAY....



HEY! DO YOU
CASH OLD
CLOTHES?

HUH? NO,
THIS IS
MY DAY
OFF, LADY!



PEN'S VALET GREETED
HIM AT HIS DOOR...

MERRY
XMAS,
NIKI!



ALL SAME NEW HOBBY,
MIST' MILLER.. WALLET
COLLECTING?
NO MONEY
WITHIN?

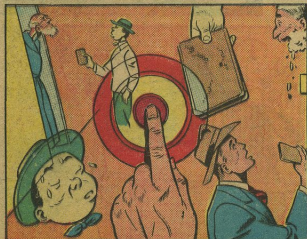
NO, YOU
MISERLY
HEATHEN...



..ONLY NAMES
AND ADDRESSES.
GET THE CAR
OUT, NIKI!...
WE'RE GOING
OUT TO MEET
THE PUBLIC!



DOORBELL ON DOORBELL PEALS...THE
HOURS WANE... AND THE BUNDLE
GROWS SMALLER.

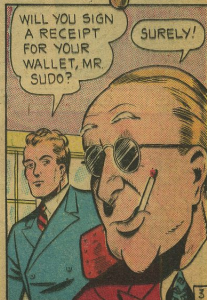


"MR SUDO"...
I'LL BE
SWITCHED IF
HE ISN'T THE
IMAGE OF
"LEFTY" THE
SWINDLER..
HE'S BEEN
ON THE LAM
FOR
MONTHS!



WILL YOU SIGN
A RECEIPT
FOR YOUR
WALLET, MR
SUDO?

SURELY!



LEFT-HANDED.. I THOUGHT SO! THE LAW HAS A MATTER TO SETTLE WITH YOU, LEFTY!

YOU RAT!

THE SWINDLER SUDDENLY SNAPS OUT THE LIGHTS.

HA! HAA! NOW WHAT, MR. BRAINS?

I KNOW MY WAY AROUND HERE IN THE DARK... AND YOU DON'T! GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR BEFORE I PUMP YOU FULL O' HOLES !!

AS PEN'S EYE LIGHTS ON A BOOK...

DRAT IT! I HAVE TO TAKE HIM IN ALIVE!

THE CARTOONIST HURLS THE BOOK ACROSS THE ROOM AND LEFTY FIRES TOWARD THE SOUND.

HA! GOT'CHA!

BUMP

SO LONG, COPPER! DID I HURT YOUR FEELINGS?

WHAT TH?

I THINK THE BOYS AT THE STATION HOUSE WANT TO SEE YOU!

AND THE HUNTED MAN IS DELIVERED TO THE LAW.

HERE'S A NEW TENANT FOR YOU AGAIN, SARGE!

AH! LONG TIME NO SEE, LEFTY!

SAY.. WHAT'VE YOU BEEN UP TO? WE NABBED A GANG OF DIPS ABOARD A FERRYBOAT.. THEY WERE SCARED STIFF AND BABBLING ABOUT YOU, PEN!

FANCY THAT!

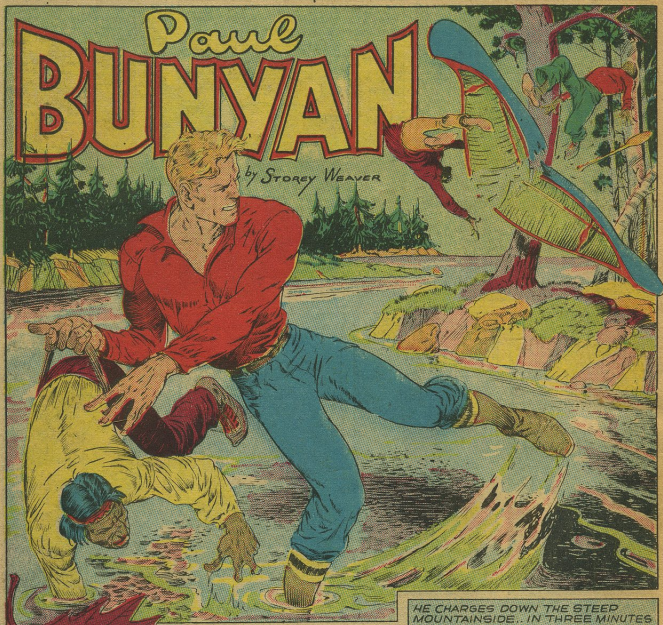
WELL, I GOT MY WALLET BACK, NIKI!

AND A FEW FINE STORIES TO ILLUSTRATE TO BOOT... YES?

FOLLOW PEN MILLER'S QUEST OF CRIME.. IN NATIONAL COMICS

Paul BUNNYAN

by STOREY WEAVER

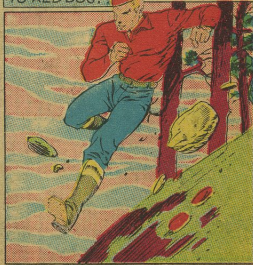
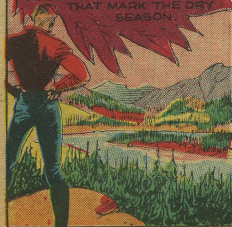


IT IS DROUGHT TIME IN THE NORTH, AND PAUL'S KEEN EYES SCAN THE WOODS, LOOKING FOR THE FIRES THAT MARK THE DRY SEASON.

SUDDENLY,

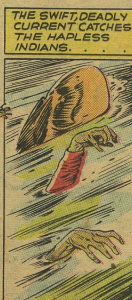
'SMOKE COMIN' FROM RED DOG TOWNSHIP SECTION.'

HE CHARGES DOWN THE STEEP MOUNTAINSIDE... IN THREE MINUTES HE COVERS THE FIFTEEN MILES TO RED DOG.





AS HE WATCHES, THREE RENEGADE INDIANS PADDLE AWAY.



I CAN'T COLLECT EVIDENCE NOW THOUGH... I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT LITTLE BLAZE!



RUNNING TO THE EDGE OF THE INFERNO, PAUL RIPS UP A GIANT TREE...



HE SWINGS IT LIKE A SCYTHE THROUGH THE LEAPING FLAMES.

THIS DOES NO GOOD. IT'S FANNING THE FIRE HIGHER! I'LL TRY SOMETHING ELSE!



HE CLIMBS A NEARBY STONY RIDGE...

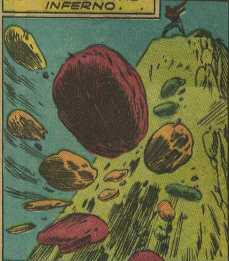


I'LL LICK THIS YET!

AT THE TOP HE PICKS UP A HUGE BOULDER...



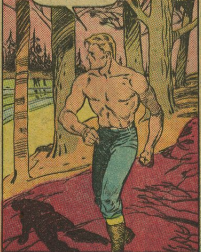
AND SENDS IT AVALANCHING DOWN UPON THE INFERNO.



THE HEAVY ROCKS PILE INTO A HIGH WALL, DIVERTING THE FLAMES TO THE RIVER.



NOW I'LL PUT IT OUT DOWN THERE... HEY! MORE DIRTY WORK GOIN' ON!



OTHER INDIANS POUR OIL ON THE RIVER.



FIRE BURN ON WATER TO OTHER SIDE!

PAUL PICKS UP A HUGE ROCK..



AND CASTS IT LIKE A PEBBLE TOWARD THE OPPOSITE SHORE..



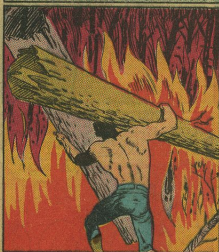
THE BOULDER LANDS IN FRONT OF THE CONSPIRATORS, CASCADING OIL OVER THEM..



THE INDIANS FLEE IN TERROR.



ONCE AGAIN RETURNING TO THE FIRE, PAUL BEGINS TEARING DOWN "BIG STICKS."



DRIVING AND PILING THEM INTO THE RIVER, HE QUICKLY CREATES A DAM.



WHICH BACKS WATER HIGH OVER THE SHORES AND QUENCHES THE FIRE..



WHEN PAUL GOES BACK TO RED DOG EVERYBODY IS AT THE WATERFRONT WITH MAKE-SHIFT FIRE-FIGHTING TOOLS.



THE OVERJOYED PEOPLE THROW A "SING" IN PAUL'S HONOR.. FOR TEN MILES UP AND DOWN THE VALLEY, PAUL'S VOICE IS HEARD.. LOUDER THAN ALL THE REST.



NEXT MONTH PAUL RETURNS IN ANOTHER TALL TIMBER TALE IN **NATIONAL COMICS**..

Miss Winky

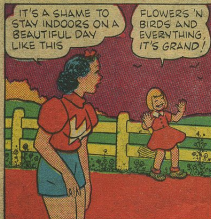
The All-American Girl

ARTHUR
BEVING

SAY, MISS WINKY -
IF YOU'RE GOING FOR
A WALK WE'D LIKE
TO GO ALONG

- IF YOU WOULDN'T
CARE!

OF COURSE YOU CAN,
CHILDREN - I'D LOVE
YOUR COMPANY!



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN

BY
LANCE
BLACKWOOD

GAA-A!

ZING

ZING

FAR AWAY IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS IS THE FORBIDDEN TEMPLE OF "THE MAN-EATING SPIDER," HOME OF THE GIANT KHOTAN BUDDHA OF THE ALL-SEEING EYE. THE ALL-SEEING EYE IN THE IDOL'S FOREHEAD IS A HUGE DIAMOND, FOR WHOSE CAPTURE COUNTLESS MEN HAVE TRIED AND FAILED.

AT THIS VERY MOMENT ONE MORE ADVENTURER PAYS WITH HIS LIFE AS HE TRIES TO POSSESS THE "EYE", FOR THE PENALTY OF FAILURE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE MAN-EATING SPIDER IS **DEATH!**

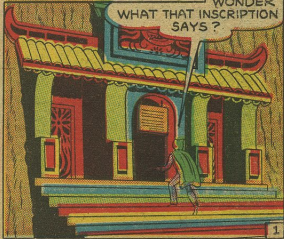
IN THE VALLEY BELOW, ANOTHER ADVENTURER IS LEAVING KATMANDU AND HEADS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TEMPLE.

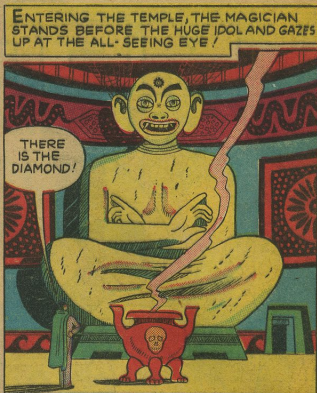
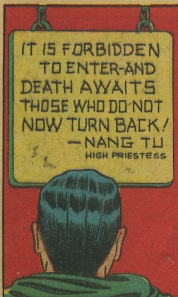
THE LONELY TRAVELLER IS MERLIN THE MAGICIAN.

WITH MY COMMAND OF MAGIC, MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN MY PREDECESSORS. IF I CAN GET THAT DIAMOND IT WILL SWELL THE BRITISH WAR RELIEF FUND!

AFTER MANY DAYS OF ARDUOUS CLIMBING, MERLIN STANDS AT THE GATES OF THE TEMPLE.

WONDER WHAT THAT INSCRIPTION SAYS?



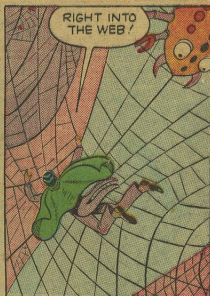


THE MAGICIAN NEXT FINDS HIMSELF ON A BALCONY, AND ACROSS THE ABYSS IN FRONT OF HIM IS THE WEB OF THE GIANT SPIDER, AGOR!



WHAT A MONSTER!

SUDDENLY MERLIN IS SHOT FORWARD INTO SPACE, AS A SECTION OF THE FLOOR HE IS STANDING ON TURNS OUT TO BE A CATAPULT!

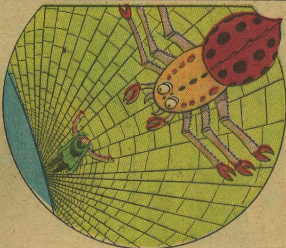


RIGHT INTO THE WEB!

BELOW HIM IS A DEEP WELL IN WHICH AN OCTOPUS WATCHES-AND WAITS!



ABOVE HIM AGOR THE SPIDER COMES DOWN TO GREET HIS VICTIM!



IN DESPERATION MERLIN GESTURES!



I MA A YEKCIM NNIF!

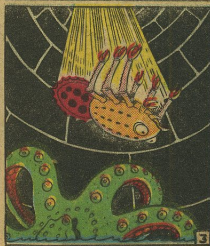
AND TO THE EYES OF THE SPIDER, THE MAGICIAN APPEARS AS A GLASS OF WINE!



SIPPING THE POTENT LIQUOR AND INHALING ITS FUMES, THE SPIDER BECOMES INTOXICATED!



AGOR LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE WEB AND PLUNGES TO HIS DOOM IN THE OCTOPUS TANK!



RESUMING HUMAN FORM AGAIN, MERLIN CLIMBS UP THE WEB -



HE FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE HUGE HEAD OF THE IDOL!



AS THE MAGICIAN CRAWLS OUT THE MOUTH OF THE BUDDHA, HE FINDS HIMSELF NOT FAR FROM THE DIAMOND EYE!



I HAVE IT! IT'S MINE! I'VE DONE IT!



AN ARROW THUDS INTO THE IDOL - INCHES FROM THE MAGICIAN'S HEAD!



AT THE BASE OF THE BUDDHA, NANG TU, THE HIGH PRIESTESS, COMMANDS HER SAVAGE UNDERLINGS TO SHOOT AT MERLIN!



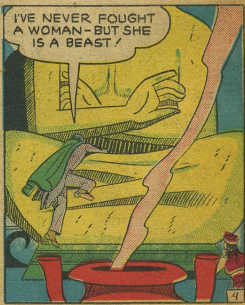
AGAIN MERLIN GESTURES!



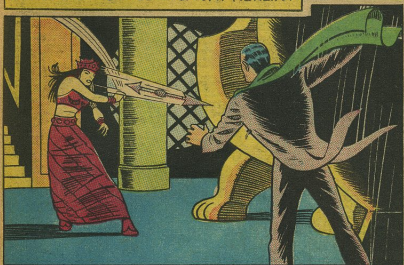
AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE ARCHERS TURN INTO BATS - ALL BUT NANG TU, WHO IS A SORCERESS!



I'VE NEVER FOUGHT A WOMAN - BUT SHE IS A BEAST!



SNARLING WITH RAGE, THE PRIESTESS ADVANCES AND HURLS HER DOUBLE POINTED SPEAR AT MERLIN!



THE SPEAR STICKS SOLIDLY IN THE BASE OF THE HUGE IDOL!



SAVAGELY THE TWO FIGHT HAND-TO-HAND FOR POSSESSION OF THE DIAMOND EYE!



MAGICALLY INCREASING HIS STRENGTH, MERLIN IS ABLE TO FORCE HIS FIERCE ASSAILANT BACKWARD!



AND IMPALES HER ON THE END OF THE SPEAR!



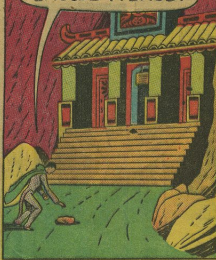
THAT'S THE END OF HER!



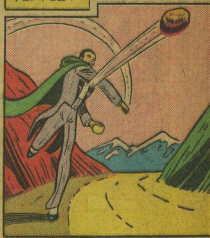
WITH THE HUGE DIAMOND
SECURE IN HIS POSSESSION,
MERLIN LEAVES.



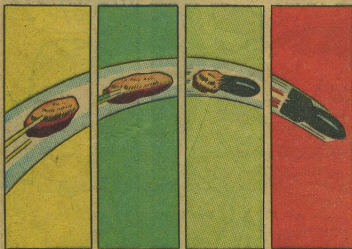
THIS ROCK WILL DO THE TRICK!
EMOCEB A BMOB!



AT A DISTANCE FROM THE
BUILDING, THE MAGICIAN
HURLS THE STONE AT THE
TEMPLE!



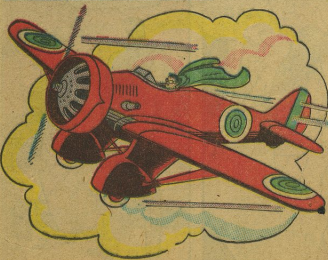
WHILE IN THE AIR, THE ROCK TURNS INTO A
DEMOLITION BOMB!



AND IN AN EARTH-SHAKING EXPLOSION
THE TEMPLE OF THE MAN-EATING SPIDER
VANISHES FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



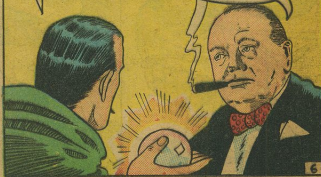
LATER - IN A CHARTERED AIRPLANE MERLIN
FLIES BACK TO BRITAIN!



AT NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET.

MR. PRIME MINISTER,
I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE
THIS DIAMOND TO
THE BRITISH CAUSE
FOR DEMOCRACY!

ON BEHALF OF HIS
MAJESTY'S GOVERN-
MENT I SINCERELY
THANK YOU FOR THIS
VALUABLE GIFT, MR.
MERLIN!



WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S

STRAIGHT SHOOTIN'—
AND THINKIN' WINS
A TRIP TO MY RANGHO

WE HOPE
YOU'LL
WINNIN'
PRIZE!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES— PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, Then cowboy life on the Ranch—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

6 THIRDS PRIZES PORTABLE HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH RECORDIO JR.

Win one of these beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio program! Complete with "mike," 2 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95

100 FIRST PRIZES DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

Win one of these 100 Daisy Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 100 Targeteers, 25 Target Cards, \$200 Buck-stip. VALUE each!

100 FIFTH PRIZES GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!

RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY \$2.95

WITH 16 LEATHER SADDLE THONG

—get one NOW—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store!

If Dealer is sold out or the Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it postpaid! (Daisy added in Canada on all items.)

Is your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!

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Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST Now!

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc., New York

OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Pump Repeater-35-Shot. \$4.50
Forward-Feed Magazine . . .

Other Daisys not illustrated: Boik Jones Special, 40-shot outdoor model, \$2.50
Nickel-plated 100-shot repeater, \$1.50—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

USE DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot at least one Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 30 words or less. Sentences must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- (2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 31, ALL Targets and completed S.E. or E.A. 25 must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 30, 1941.
- (3) Any air rifle using .177 type shot may be used.
- (4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
- (5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished one Free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write us to request Free Official Target, enclose 5¢ stamp to cover our mailing—handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
- (6) Contestants must submit only one Official 3-Shot Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must receive at least 10 shots. If more than 30 shots appear on any one target, the 10 lowest counts for score. These 30 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 30 minutes.
- (7) Starting position without artificial support must be used.
- (8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
- (9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus percentage of targets in finishing the contest. "THUNDER" 100 plus a Daisy because . . . in 30 words or less.
- (10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries accepted and ideas thereon become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER DAISY'S "Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST" now and submit to us, here by the S.E. or E.A. 25, the opportunity to WIN one of those 210 BIG PRIZES—also Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO Junior Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 100 Genuinely Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—AND ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—your Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and

is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!

INDIAN RESERVATION FACH TRIP TEL TO CLIFF DWELLINGS TRED HARMAN'S RANGHO COLORADO SPRINGS GARDEN OF THE GODS PIKES PEAK GRAND LAKE ESTES NATIONAL PARK

DAISY RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 496 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



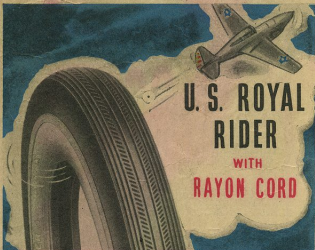
SPEED

Legs driving a bike sprocket and pistons driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. Dead weight saps their energy. That's why in the newest plane engines and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-working weight has been cut to zero. Result: more power per pound. More speed!



CONTROL

Note the big specially designed rudder surfaces on these speedy Army fighters. Why? Answer: speed is useless without control. Then note Royal Riders' 7 riding ribs plus two safety slot traction ribs. They control skids on wet roads or dry.



U. S. ROYAL
RIDER
WITH
RAYON CORD

STRENGTH

Duralumin, beryllium and magnesium provide the bonework of the latest U. S. airplanes. Strength plus lightness is the order of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a bike tire built like a plane.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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Indianapolis, Indiana